

# ***Any Place That's Far Away***

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## Any Place That's Far Away by madzifferelli

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Alternate Universe - High School, Alternate Universe - No Pennywise (IT), Alternate Universe - Road Trip, Fluff, Fluff and Humor, Gay Disaster Eddie Kaspbrak, Gay Richie Tozier, Multi, Richie Tozier Being an Asshole, Running Away, Slow Burn, Swearing, This Is A Disaster, angst in the foreseeable future idk, cause derry sucks, ok if we're being honest everyone is a twink, ok so basically they run away, set in 1992, they dont know bev and mike yet, they'll meet them in later chapters dw, theyre sophomores

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT)

**Relationships:** Ben Hanscom & Beverly Marsh, Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

The year is 1992 - All of the Losers are currently sophomores in high school, yet that doesn't stop them from making a huge decision that will (probably) change the rest of their lives. Having been fed up with living in Derry ever since they were merely kids, they all decide to step up to the plate and leave once and for all - embarking on the road trip of their lifetime.

NOTE!!!: This \*will\* be a Reddie & Benverly-centric fic, just so you know.



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### Author's Note:

oh god this fic is a literal trainwreck, thank you so much if you actually take the time to read it also!! i made a playlist that's currently up on spotify with the rest of the songs that the Losers would listen to! i can post it

"Eddiiiiiee Spagheeeettiii!" Richie yelled, picking up tiny pebbles from the ground and throwing them right against Eddie's window. They made a soft 'tiking' sound as they clanked against the glass, and Richie was stuck wondering if Eddie was even going to hear it. He rocked on his heels and waiting for a few minutes, arms crossed over his chest. Just as he was about to yell an "alright, Eds, I'm heading back to the car," Richie glanced into his window again and noticed that the bedroom light went off. Pleased with himself, Richie hopped back into Bill's minivan, waiting for Eddie to walk out of the door. Richie was surprised Bill let him drive it, even if it was just to go pick up Eddie and Stan. Bill treats his minivan like it's his precious little baby ever since he got it.

After about three minutes, Richie turned the radio on and started to blare 'No Sleep Till Brooklyn' by the Beastie Boys in hopes that Eddie would hurry up. No Sleep Till Brooklyn was one of Richie's favorite songs, and Eddie just simply found it annoying. He learned to tolerate it once he realized Richie was probably never going to stop playing it. He blared it in his mom's beat up car at least once every week so loud it would shake, and it was also the song blaring when Richie smashed it into a streetlamp. He was driving on the highway one day, trying to impress Eddie by speeding and unsuccessfully cutting somebody off. The car, surprisingly, only suffered minor damage and the two of them were left unhurt. Eddie claims he has back problems from it, and had to spend three days in the hospital upon his mother's demand.

Halfway through the song, Richie watched as Eddie creaked the front door open and slammed it shut behind him. He turned down the music and poked his head through the passenger's side window. This

was a normal procedure for the two of them -- blaring songs so loud Eddie would get mildly pissed off and slam the door whenever Richie would come to pick him up. It was almost a challenge for Richie, his goal being to play the most annoying song to get him agitated. The song Rock Lobster by The b-52s normally got him the most annoyed. Eddie hated that one, too.

"You okay, Eds?"

"Fuck you, Rich. I told you not to play that song anymore. And don't call me that." Eddie huffed, fumbling with his keys as he slung a duffel bag over his shoulder, yelping as it slipped off and fell to the ground.

"Whaddya got in there, Eddie? Rocks?" Richie teased, a grin on his face as he watched Eddie roll his eyes in frustration.

Eventually, Eddie made it to the car and opened the door, haphazardly throwing his bag into the backseat. He sighed loudly and, in that moment, Richie decided to take a break from his pesky jokes and started up the car. Eddie stared out at his childhood house with a thoughtful look on his features, as if he was trying to keep the memory of it in his mind before he would never see it again.

Richie wondered how many bandages and pills he stuffed in that duffel bag. Sonia's constant need to make Eddie think he was ill had only gotten worse, and because of such it was the main reason Eddie was convinced to leave. Although he desperately wanted to get out of Derry, Eddie couldn't help but worry about what was going to happen to her, and worse-- what would happen to him if she managed to track him down. Her attempts for attention had only escalated as the years went by, and Eddie had been hospitalized more times than he could count. Sonia had started to say Eddie had a terminal illness.

No one knew exactly what it was and no one would know, as Sonia just claimed it was 'too difficult to talk about.' Eddie sort of believed he had it, too, and reduced to using a cane every now and then for his 'leg problems' related to said illness. He walked out of the house with it in his hand, and placed it in between his legs as he sat down. Richie stared at it, a pang of guilt washing over him for a reason he

couldn't exactly explain. He was stuck wondering if Eddie truly knew he didn't need it. Everyone in town by now knows Eddie doesn't really have an illness, all except him-- and yet they still didn't have the heart to say anything.

Richie knew there would always be a part of Eddie that would overthink every situation and bandage his whole arm because of a scratch. Some people never change. Richie knows he will always joke instead of facing his problems head-on. Everyone has their quirks that stay with them for life.

"Don't get all pouty on me." Richie said, glancing over at it. Despite it coming off as a joke, he meant it sincerely. He didn't want Eddie being upset for the 'road trip' they were about to endorse. It would be long, after all.

"I'm not being pouty, Richie." He huffs. "It's just.. I don't want my mom finding out. I mean, seriously, she'll have a fucking aneurysm if she finds me before we're outta here."

"She won't find out, Eddie. For about a day or two she'll probably assume you're at my house or something, and we'll be well outta Derry by then."

Eddie fell silent for a long moment, his gaze still trained on the house sitting in front of him. They had yet to pull out of the driveway. "...I guess you're right." He answers, "but once she finds out we're gone, she's gonna demand a search party for me. You know I have an illness, Rich, and in about a month, I'm not going to have my pills. She's gonna go crazy if she hasn't found me by then."

Richie sighed, his gaze falling to his hands. He was afraid Eddie was second-guessing this whole idea, and he had to change his mind before Eddie royally screwed up their whole escape plan. It wouldn't be the same if Eddie didn't come with them, complaining every second of the way, yet he's prefer it over Eddie staying.

"Then we'll just have to change your name and look." Richie said after a moment, starting the car and backing out of the driveway before Eddie could get another word out of him.

"How about a blue-haired rockstar named 'Nicolai Stargo'?"

"Nicolai Stargo? Yeah, never gonna happen."

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The final straggler -- otherwise known as Ben Hanscom -- climbed into the backseat of Bill's minivan a few hours later, taking his spot and sitting between Eddie and Richie in the backseat. The gears had been turned over to Bill, who had taken his rightful spot in the driver's seat once he had been picked up. Stan sat next to him in the passenger's seat, a map sprawled out across his lap and a slurpee from 7-11 in his dominant hand. Everyone's bags had all managed to be stuffed into the trunk, surprisingly, and they also managed to fit all the bags of clothes, toiletries, and blankets stuffed in from the night before.

"You know, I still don't understand why I can't drive." Richie complained. "I picked up Eddie and Stan!"

"Yeah, b-but like, y-y-you also crashed your m-mother's car into a street lamp." Bill retorted, shooting a glance into the backseat.

"Yeah, don't ever talk about that in front of me. My back's starting to hurt by the sheer mention of it." Eddie adds, rolling his eyes.

"Okay, but that was one time! And it's not like I meant to do it on purpose! I cut someone off, so I already wasn't obeying the law!"

"Yeah, but that leaves so much, you see.." Stan started, a growing smirk on his face. "Driving into a ditch, a lake, setting the car on fire..."

"What'll it be, Trashmouth?" Bill snorted.

"My bet's on the lake." Eddie notes.

Richie was about to shoot something back when he was abruptly cut off by the sound of Stan sipping his slurpee, rolling his eyes as he sat through the notably-irritable sound.

"Seriously dude? Wow, that's hilarious. I'm laughing my ass off right

now!” Richie deadpanned.

Stan grinned and eventually put his slurpee down in the cupholder, glancing up in the rear view mirror only to catch Richie flipping him off. He gave a dramatic gasp.

The majority of the group saw and chuckled a bit, the five of them talking and bickering with each other as Bill continued to drive.

Once they turned a few corners and drove down a few streets, Bill announced that he was changing the music to his own taste. He couldn't deal with letting Richie blast his own music any longer, and plus, they all took turns. He hummed to himself and put on Everybody Wants to Rule the World by Tears for Fears. It was a group-loved song, though everyone would agree that Bill loved it more than anyone else. It means something to him, everyone knew, and they understood. They understood what it meant to have something that close and personal to themselves.

And, thus, Bill drove off as the song reached its chorus. They were driving away from the neighborhood that harboured their homes and lives up until now. Sure, everyone wanted to leave, yet the most-ready to leave was none other than Stan the Man. The pressure to be the best, religious kid he could be was really weighing down on him. His dad was dead-set on him taking his place as the rabbi, marrying the perfect Rebbetzin at the exact age of eighteen and spending the rest of his years studying in a Hebrew university and dedicating his life to the synagogue. He had his whole future planned out for him, but it wasn't what he wanted.

Nonetheless, everyone was excited to leave. They all had their own reasons -- Eddie and Stan because of their parents, Bill because of the memory of Georgie, and Ben and Richie because they were sick of being the losers of the town. Sure, they were all losers, but Richie and Ben had it the hardest. They would get beaten up weekly by Bowers and his gang, and the two of them were tired of it. It had gotten pretty bad, and Eddie would often have to be the one to fix them up. Like Ben, Richie also had something carved into him by Bowers. On his leg, the word fag was scarred in. No one knew about it but Ben, as they agreed everyone would probably freak out like they did seeing H on Ben's stomach.



The losers were happy, for the most part.. happy with what they were going to accomplish. None of them want to stay in their plain nowhere town, and this definitely made sure of it. Sure, they had no idea where they're gonna go and sure, their moms might make the whole town look for them, but they're ready to hide. They're ready to get out of that town no matter the consequences. They all vowed to leave their old lives behind -- and travel to any place that's far away.